

## SAVED HIS DOG BUT LOST HIS LIFE.

Nelson Aronson, of West Brighton, Sacrificed Himself for His Pet.

He Sprang in Front of a Moving Engine, Rescued the Animal and Was Himself Run Down.

THE DOG GRIEVED FOR HIS MASTER.

Waited for Hours Near the Place Where the Man Was Killed Before Going Home—Would Not Take Food.

Nelson Aronson, forty-two years old, living on Carey avenue, West Brighton, S. I., saw his faithful dog, Frank, in imminent danger of being run over by a train yesterday, and, making a desperate effort, he saved the dog's life, but lost his own.

Aronson was a night watchman at Starin's shipyard. His employers speak of him as being faithful, sober and careful. He was genial, kind-hearted and generous.

There was a peculiar bond of intimacy between his dog and himself. The dog is eleven years old and has been long in his possession. Aronson taught him many simple tricks, but for no one but its master would the dog ever perform them. It accompanied him every night to the yards, keeping close at his heels, and carrying his slinger basket. Throughout the night Frank never left him for a moment as he made his rounds. Each morning, carrying the empty basket, Frank trotted home contentedly beside him.

The dog is a water spaniel, eighteen inches high, with round, fat body and a pointed nose. His ears are long and pendant and his entire body is brown except for four white feet and a white streak on his throat.

Aronson was standing at the gate of the shipyards yesterday morning, ready to go home, and was talking with the day watchman, John Wood, and the boss laborer, Sam Welsh. The three men were standing about twenty-five feet from the tracks of the Staten Island Rapid Transit Railway. The dog, knowing that it was time to go home, ran as far as the tracks and then turned to see if his master was following him.

A gale was blowing and misty snow was in the air, and the dog, standing on the track and looking back for his master, did not notice an incoming train. Aronson's own back was toward the track.

Sam Welsh called, "The dog will be hit," and Aronson turned. He called to the dog, but it did not stir. Then he ran toward it, while it joyfully barked at seeing him come. He knew his danger, for the train was almost upon him. He sprang to the dog, stooped and seized it, and flung it to one side, and then, before he could recover from his stooping position, was struck on the head by the locomotive and hurled thirty feet away into the waters of the Kill Von Kull.

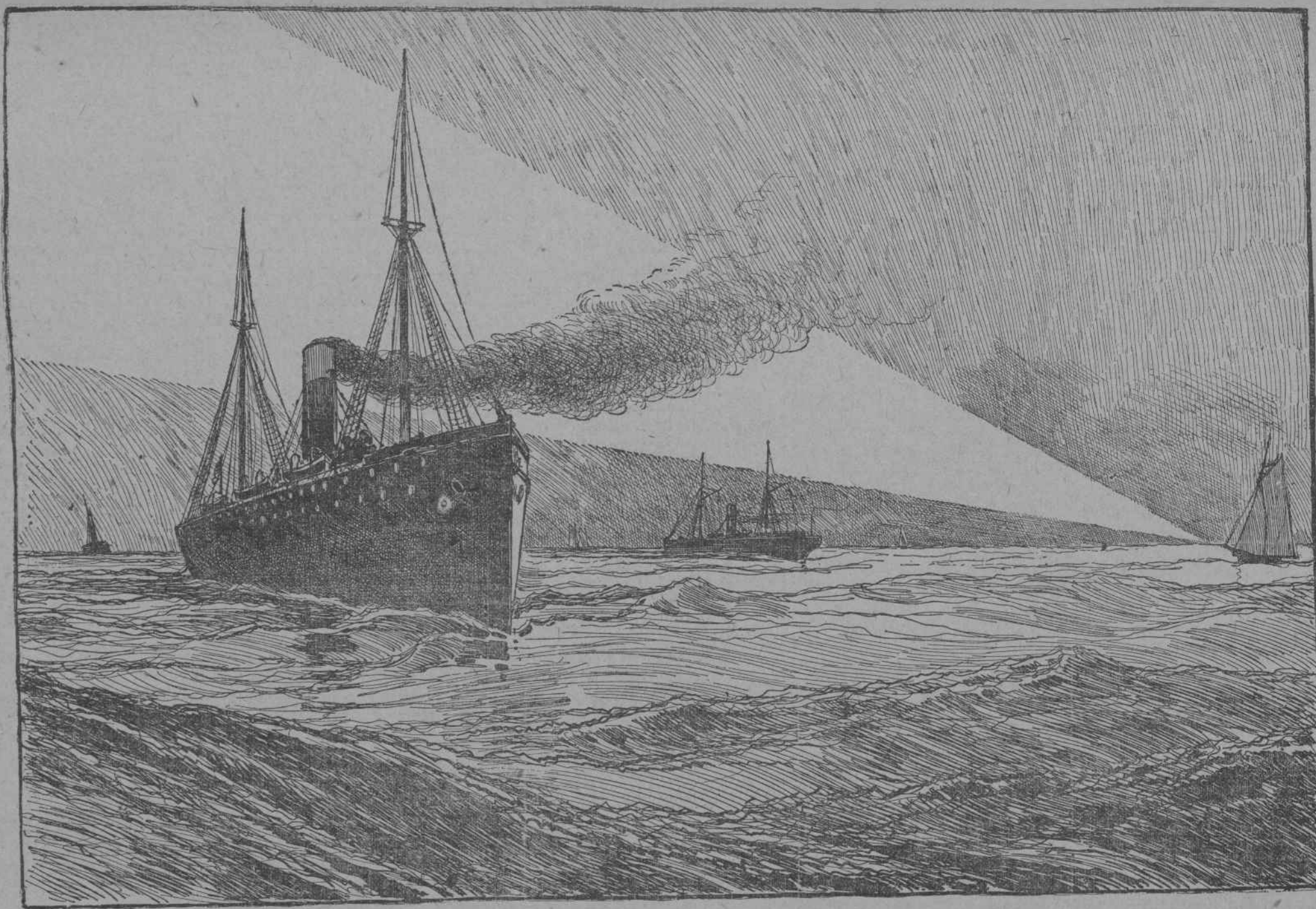
The engineer, William Donnell, tried to stop the train as Aronson sprang on the track. Aronson's companions jumped into the shallow, icy water after him, and the train was stopped and the trainmen gave what assistance they could.

Aronson, when carried into the warm engine room of the shipyard, was still alive, but his skull was fractured, and when Dr. Harber reached him the man was dead.

The dog, showing a dumb agony, followed the body into the engine room, and then crouched in a corner.

When the body was taken away the dog was troubled. He started to follow the body and walked slowly back to the corner and again crouched and waited. He could not believe that the body carried out on a stretcher by four men could be his master, and so he waited for him. Not till late in the afternoon did he give up his vigil and creep homeward through the snowy streets. He went direct to his kennel, crouched in the farthest corner and refused food or drink.

Aronson left a widow and two sons, one of them twenty and the other eighteen years of age.



THE NEW LIGHT AT BARNEGAT, N. J., WHICH CAN BE SEEN BY SHIPS ONE HUNDRED MILES AT SEA.

## TOBACCO STOCK AS A FOOTBALL.

Remarkable Gymnastics Performed with It on the Exchange Yesterday.

Opened Below Seventy-six, Went to Eighty-two and Three-Quarters, Then Down to Seventy-nine.

RIVALS OF THE TRUST SNEER.

An Officer of the National Cigarette Company Ridicules the Idea That There Is Any Thought of Adding That Concern to the Trust.

American Tobacco stock was the football of the stock jobbers yesterday, and many a speculator's money went up in smoke. Monday the stock had jumped a little, but yesterday it was kicked up in the air and thrown down again in a startling fashion.

Tobacco closed at 74 1/2 Tuesday. It opened at 75 1/2 yesterday. Soon a big and vociferous crowd of brokers gathered, who were short of the stock, and almost tumbled over one another in their effort to cover their short contracts. In the first hour 60,000 shares changed hands, and by 3 p. m. the sales of Tobacco aggregated 225,000, out of a total of 336,000 shares of all stocks. Up and up it went till 8 1/2, was touched, and then a quick

reaction ensued, and the stock dropped to 78 1/2 at the close of the day.

There was no explanation of the vibration in the way of news, but many rumors were circulated. The one most widely floated was that a settlement had been effected between the Trust and the plug tobacco manufacturers, who have been waging a fierce fight against it. This was promptly denied. It was also asserted that the Trust had bought the National Cigarette Company. Then a report that dividends would be resumed was set in motion. When the Trust stopped paying quarterly dividends last December, the stock fell twenty points.

WILL DIVIDENDS BE RESUMED? The presence in town of certain big Southern owners, who had opposed the passage of the last dividend, was pointed to as evidence of a determination to resume dividends. Another explanation was that the Lorillard plant had been secured by the Trust. Large dealings in tobacco of late had indicated that heavy manipulation was in progress. Some feeling was expressed over the fact that Mr. Arens, one of the officers of the Trust, had been a conspicuous trader of late, but his relationship with the Allen and Kinneys, as well as his proximity to the Street, were known to most speculators.

With the stock jumping as it did yesterday, of course, the manipulators were in a position to make profits running into the hundreds of thousands at the expense of those on the outside. Only those on the inside know the real situation of the Trust's affairs, and they were prepared to make their knowledge of pecuniary value.

Mr. Drummond, of the Drummond Tobacco Company, of St. Louis, one of the most potent enemies of the Trust, telegraphed an authoritative denial that the Trust had swallowed his company. The talk that the stockholders were dissatisfied with the management of the Trust was nullified by the recollection that at the annual election of officers about a month ago the old officials were powerful enough to effect their own re-election.

Moore & Schley were credited with purchases of 30,000 shares and upward, and it was apparent that a concerted movement against the short interest was in evidence, and an aggressive manipulation, only equalled by the fact that the Sugar Trust fluctuations, was in evidence.

A CAREFULLY PLANNED COUP. One of the most prominent officers of the National Cigarette Company said, with ill-concealed satisfaction: "There is nothing, absolutely nothing, in the tobacco business at the present time to warrant such violent fluctuations as those witnessed in Wall Street today. Nor is there any prospect of such a condition of affairs obtaining as would justify this trading. It is purely a stock jobbing manipulation. The smaller holders of stock in the Trust have been shaken out, and now those who bought as speculators, not as investors, are having a merry time. The statement that the big up and down wave today is the result of a well-planned campaign against a latent short interest is undoubtedly correct.

"The Trust is putting cheaper and cheaper cigarettes on the market, in a vain but gallant effort to meet the prices and products of the manufacturers. In December last, without any warning except the weakness of the stock, the directors advertised a statement announcing that no dividend would be paid for the current quarter. Up to that time the Trust had paid quarterly dividends at the rate of one per cent per annum. Then it was given out that the Trust had purchased several other companies, and its earnings were thereby absorbed. Now, the factory bought in Baltimore was not worth having, in my opinion; at least it was only rated as valued at \$10,000, but the Trust gobbled it at a big advance over that sum.

"A few weeks ago the stockholders had a chance to scan a balance sheet on which \$36,977,127 was entered as assets in the form of 'real estate' and 'trademarks.' Now trademarks are worth what you please. Many of these trademarks may represent brands of obsolete or inferior and uncalled for brands. The owner may deem them worth a fortune, and a competitor wouldn't buy them for a song. But in the balance sheet the trademarks can be quoted as worth any sum the insiders desire to set opposite them.

"Talk about consolidating or any kind of amalgamation, does that picture of our latest advertisement pouring hot shot into the Trust look like compromise or absorption? No, indeed, the Trust don't want to buy any more factories. Their experience in that direction has not been exhilarating. We, on the outside, do not pretend to know with any great degree of accuracy what our competitors may be striving to do, not to fathom their stock jobbing schemes; but we do not want any of their holdings."

## EDSON'S FORMULA PROVING ITS WORTH.

Experiments in Prisons and Hospitals Attest the Virtue of the Fluid.

Injected Through the Blood, It Is Fatal to the Dread Bacillus of Tuberculosis.

LIFE PROLONGED FOR CONVICTS.

Some Who Were on the Eve of Being Liberated to Die Are Now in Good Condition and May Have to Remain in State Prison.

Experiments have been made with Dr. Cyrus Edson's asepsolin on prisoners at Auburn Prison, with the result that several of them who had been deemed assured of speedy death from consumption have been granted new leases of life, and some applications for pardons which Governor Morton had decided to grant in order to permit the unfortunates to die outside of the prison walls will remain without the Executive signature.

The percentage of deaths in the prisons of the United States from consumption among the convicts in recent years is startling, and it has been almost next to impossible for the prison physicians to cope with the dread disease. The statistics from Sing Sing, Auburn and other large prisons led Dr. Conant Sawyer, physician of Auburn, to test Dr. Edson's new method. He realized that a constitution susceptible to consumption would have a difficult task in escaping from the disease during confinement. Added to this was his belief that to cure consumption required the destruction of the bacilli, and as Dr. Edson's method had this as its fundamental principle, there must be something in it. He decided to make the test on a large number.

Dr. Sawyer was assisted by Dr. S. E. Austin and Dr. Thomas C. Sawyer, who took as their first subject a negro named Charles Henry Johnson, whose emaciated condition revealed the ravages of the terrible disease. Johnson had been sentenced to Sing Sing from Long Island City in 1893 for three and a half years for burglary. A year later he was attacked with pulmonary troubles. He was confined in the prison hospital for some time, and, showing indications of improvement, was assigned to a lighter grade of work in the laundry shop. He was then transferred to Auburn, and was again taken ill.

CAVITIES IN HIS LUNGS. His pulmonary trouble developed into consumption, which failed to yield to the physician's remedies. Johnson had hemorrhages almost daily, and a careful examination revealed the existence of a cavity in each lung.

As the first step in the treatment, Johnson inhaled, from the mouthpiece of a bulb, a spray generated by means of a small alcohol lamp. The formula used was three parts of pure glycerine and eighty-seven parts of water. After inhaling this slowly for several minutes the patient had his throat sprayed with a solution of ten parts of ether. Then Dr. Edson's especial compound, asepsolin, composed of three per cent of absolute phenol and one per cent of salt—known as pilocarpin-phenol-hydroxide—was administered. The injection was made in the left side of the abdomen, an ordinary hypodermic needle injector being used. Beyond a slight twitch as the needle was inserted, Johnson gave no evidence of pain. The first dose consisted of fifty grains, which

was increased by ten minims daily, until the maximum of 200 grains was reached. The patient was greatly amazed at the simplicity of the treatment, and claimed to have experienced no unpleasant sensations.

Two days later the man said the treatment would have to be stopped or his supply of food increased. The attendant stated that for some time Johnson had eaten scarcely any food, having no appetite and possessing little or no sense of taste. His temperature and pulse, before taking the treatment, were registered at 101.8 and 100 respectively. The day following the treatment his temperature was 100 and his pulse 98. He has improved constantly since. Dr. Sawyer says the man would have been dead by this time had he not taken the treatment.

LONGER LIFE, LONGER STAY.

One feature of Johnson's case is both pathetic and amusing. So sure was Dr. Sawyer that the prisoner had only a short time to live that he recommended the convict's pardon in order that he might pass away at home among his friends. The news of his wonderful cure reached the Executive Mansion at Albany, and a few days ago Dr. Sawyer was requested to make a new application for the pardon. He could not then conscientiously say that the man would die. The prisoner thus lost the chance of gaining his freedom, but received a new lease of life.

Another interesting case was that of Arthur Kelly, serving five years for burglary. He had already finished a four and one-half year's term, during which he had contracted the disease. When he began the treatment he weighed 120 pounds. Within a week he gained seven pounds.

Other prisoners were treated with almost equally good results. Daniel Brennan was in so enfeebled a condition that the Governor notified his lawyer that if the man's relatives would consent to care for him he would be discharged, as he was not expected to live a month. Brennan was one of the last that Dr. Edson's method was tried upon. After a week he showed such wonderful improvement that it has been decided that he need not be pardoned. In Dr. Sawyer's opinion Brennan is too far gone for a permanent cure, although the treatment will prolong his life.

FORMULA FREE TO ALL.

"I have given the formula of asepsolin to the medical profession," Dr. Edson said yesterday, "and I hear of very gratifying results. There are now some four thousand physicians using it throughout the country. All that science can ever hope to accomplish for consumption is to kill the microbes which destroy the lungs, and thus put a stop to their fatal work. There can be no cure further than that. It is impossible to replace a lung that has been eaten away by bacilli as it is to replace one that has been blown away by a gunshot. No one cured of consumption has a right to expect the cure to be permanent unless he or she takes the greatest precaution afterward. The fact that a person contracts tuberculosis is proof of his susceptibility to the tubercular bacilli. That a consumptive, supposed to have been cured, should develop consumption anew a year later would not necessarily mean that the cure had not been complete. It would be likely to mean that after a thorough cure the patient had again come in contact with the tubercular germs and again contracted the disease."

Dr. Edson is very modest about his new method, despite the fact that it is regarded as one of the greatest medical discoveries of the age. He was intensely annoyed yesterday on picking up a St. Louis paper to find a page advertisement of a "cure-all" dispensary with an illustration of himself in the center. He telegraphed to the concern that the illustration would have to be removed or legal action would be instituted.

STREATHMAN NOT A CONSUMPTIVE.

Robert Streatham, who is not a prisoner of Auburn, but who is a physician selected for the purpose of testing Dr. Edson's specific, is now practically a well man. It developed, however, that he was not a victim of consumption, but was suffering from septicemia, a form of blood-poisoning, that gave way rapidly to asepsolin.

## DRIVEN TO DEATH BY RAINE'S BILL.

Saloon Keeper Assman Committed Suicide After He Learned of Senate's Action.

Opened His Place Yesterday Morning and Then Went Upstairs and Shot Himself.

HE WORRIED OVER HIS BUSINESS.

His Place Was Valued at \$40,000—Assman Was the Second Brooklyn Liquor Dealer Who Killed Himself Because of the New Excise Law.

A suicide, which is attributed to the Raine's Excise bill, occurred in Brooklyn yesterday morning. Henry Assman, a well-known saloon keeper, was the man who ended his life because, it is said, of his fears of the effect of the bill on his business. The saloon is at Fifteenth street and Seventh avenue. The building and business which he owned were worth \$40,000.

Trade fell off lately, and his favorite bartender became ill a few days ago. Both of these misfortunes caused Assman to worry. Then came the news that the new Excise bill had passed the Senate.

Assman drank freely all of Tuesday. The more he drank the gloomier he grew. Late at night newshawks ran by his saloon loudly shouting: "Extra! All about the passing of the Raine's bill!"

Assman bought a paper and read the news from Albany. He drank more liquor and went to his apartments upstairs, remaining there until yesterday morning, when he opened his saloon.

Addressing his father-in-law, he said he would go upstairs and have some breakfast. Five minutes later he shot himself in the head in the parlor, dying in a few minutes. His widow and relatives refused to say anything about the affair. It is the police who say the Raine's bill drove Assman to suicide.

About two months ago a saloon keeper named John Deterring, at De Kalb and Tompkins avenues, killed himself because he feared the 200 foot limit law would injure his business. His saloon was directly opposite St. Ambrose's Catholic Church and within the prescribed distance.

TOOK A DRINK AT A FUNERAL.

The Preacher Was Arrested and Now He Sues for Damages.

Wheeling, W. Va., March 11.—The Rev. Dr. Jesse Roseberry, of Huntington, yesterday brought suit against the Municipal Corporation of Central City, W. Va., for \$10,000 for outrageous arrest and false prosecution. Dr. Roseberry has retained eminent counsel and means to make a desperate fight.

A month ago Dr. Roseberry was conducting a funeral through Central City on a very cold, blustery day, and on the main street, while riding along with the undertaker, he drew a flask from his pocket and took a drink of whiskey. The Town Marshal arrested and locked him up till he declared the Mayor, and, despite the preacher's declaration that he acted on a physician's orders, that official fined him \$10, which he had to pay or go to jail. All this time the funeral had been waiting in the graveyard, the mourners being well nigh frozen.

CORNELL GETS A NEW PROFESSOR.

Ithaca, N. Y., March 11.—The trustees of Cornell University yesterday afternoon appointed Professor James Seth, of Brown University, Professor of Ethics in the Sage School of Philosophy. The appointment completes the staff in the Philosophical School, so liberally endowed by Henry W. Sage, which now embraces five full professors, one assistant professor, two instructors and two assistants.

## PUTS A HIGH VALUE ON HUSBAND'S LOVE.

Mrs. Dr. Buchanan Is Suing Mrs. Foster for Alienation of Affections.

The Physician's Wife Demands the Sum of \$50,000 from the Handsome Widow.

WEDDED FOR A THIRD OF A CENTURY.

An Old Married Couple Will Again Tell Their Grievances in Court—Doctor Says His Wife Is a Religious Crank.

The suit brought by the wife of Dr. Alexander Buchanan against Mrs. Catherine M. Foster will be called to-morrow in the Supreme Court and a day set for its trial. Mrs. Buchanan charges Mrs. Foster with alienating the affection of the doctor and sues for \$50,000 damages. Both sides have retained lawyers.

The events and incidents leading up to this suit for damages form the component parts of a strange story of domestic discord. Dr. Buchanan is sixty-five years old and nearly blind. He is a physician, with a good reputation and a profitable practice. At present his office is at No. 353 West Thirtieth street. He has not lived with his wife since the Winter of 1886. She is a woman whose name is well and favorably known by the officials of every charitable organization in the city. Her full name is Margaret P. Buchanan, and she lives with her two daughters, Marcella and Alexina, at No. 235 West Thirtieth street.

Mrs. Buchanan is a member of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, in Twelfth street, near Sixth avenue, and vice-president of the National Christian League for the Promotion of Social Purity. She numbers among her assistants in the work of social reform Rev. Dr. Parkhurst and Mayor Strong. Her lawyer is Isaac N. Miller, who has offices at No. 263 Broadway, and who is also the recording secretary of the National Christian League.

MRS. BUCHANAN'S STORY.

He told Mrs. Buchanan's side of the domestic difficulty yesterday.

"To begin at the beginning," said the lawyer, "Mrs. Buchanan brought and won a suit for separation against her husband six or seven years ago. He contested it bitterly, but the court not only found in favor of the wife, but ordered that the defendant pay her alimony at the rate of \$25 a week. He had paid that alimony ever since. That suit for separation was brought for the simple reason that Dr. Buchanan deserted his family and went to live with Mrs. Foster. She is a widow and good looking. He is a man over sixty, but apparently he is under her control.

"We expect to prove that when he met her she conducted a boarding house and had but little money. Now she lives in elegant style at No. 254 West Thirty-fourth street, drives in his carriage, and is worth at least \$100,000. Her power over the man is supreme. He has taken her to Europe. She spends her summers at fashionable resorts, and enjoys every luxury that money can buy.

"From a professional point of view Dr. Buchanan is a very clever man. The income from his practice amounts to at least \$20,000 a year. He is the family physician of Judge Barrett and other prominent men. He ignores his wife and children, and spends all his time with the widow."

THE DOCTOR'S VERSION.

Dr. Alexander Buchanan has an office and consultation rooms at No. 353 West Thirtieth street, and directly across the street is the house in which his wife and daughters live. The doctor has been sick for a month, but now he is convalescent and yesterday was at his office. He is a Scotchman and has an accent all his own. He is old and looks his age. He is almost blind, having paralysis of the optic nerve.

He said yesterday:

"The statement that my practice brings me \$20,000 a year is not true. On the contrary, it is not worth \$3,000 a year, and I am so cramped for money that I find it exceedingly difficult to pay the \$25 a week alimony. Indeed, I am going to ask the courts to either abolish or modify this alimony, as I am not able to pay it. When this trouble first started my wife told me that she intended to ruin my practice, and she has nearly succeeded. My wife is nothing more or less than a religious crank. When I married her she had nothing, now she is rich. All that she has I gave her. We were married about thirty-three years ago.

"Our domestic troubles began ten years ago, this coming Summer. She was living at the time at our country seat at Atlantic Highlands. Our daughters were young ladies, and let me say right here that they were as pure and good as gold. One Saturday I went down from the city and found a young man named Samuel Durning at the house. He was a friend of the family and my wife had invited him to spend two weeks with us. He was paying attentions to our eldest daughter, Marcella, and we considered them as good as engaged. I left him at the house and went out to inspect the grounds. I returned in about an hour. Samuel met me at the door. He was looking blue and I asked him what was the trouble.

"I've been ordered out of the house," he said, 'by your wife. I'm going up to town.' 'I told him that he must not go until I went back on Monday, and that he must remain at the house as my guest. Finally he consented and did spend Sunday with us.

QUARRELED OVER THE CHILDREN.

"When I asked my wife what the trouble was, she told me that she had found Samuel dancing in the kitchen. My wife is violently opposed to dancing, and she told me that she did not consider Samuel proper company for our daughter.

"We came back to the city in the Autumn, and that Winter my wife made my life miserable. In the Spring I made other arrangements, and after securing this office I went to Mrs. Foster's board. She had been a patient of mine for some time. She has a grown daughter and an adopted child—a little girl. She rents rooms to lodgers, and I want to say right here that she is a good woman. I never gave her any money save that which I paid for board. My wife went to her house several times and annoyed Mrs. Foster so much that once she asked me to change my quarters. She has no hold on me whatever. I am my own master, and am owned by no living mortal."

Mrs. Catherine Foster lives in a handsomely furnished house at No. 254 West Thirty-fourth street. She rents rooms, and the house has an excellent reputation. She is a handsome woman.



Nelson Aronson, Killed While Saving His Dog.

Mr. Aronson was a resident of West Brighton and was greatly attached to his dog. The animal, while with Mr. Aronson yesterday, ran on a railroad track ahead of a moving engine. Mr. Aronson sprang between the rails and threw the dog out of danger, but was struck by the locomotive and killed. The dog exhibited great grief and refused to eat.